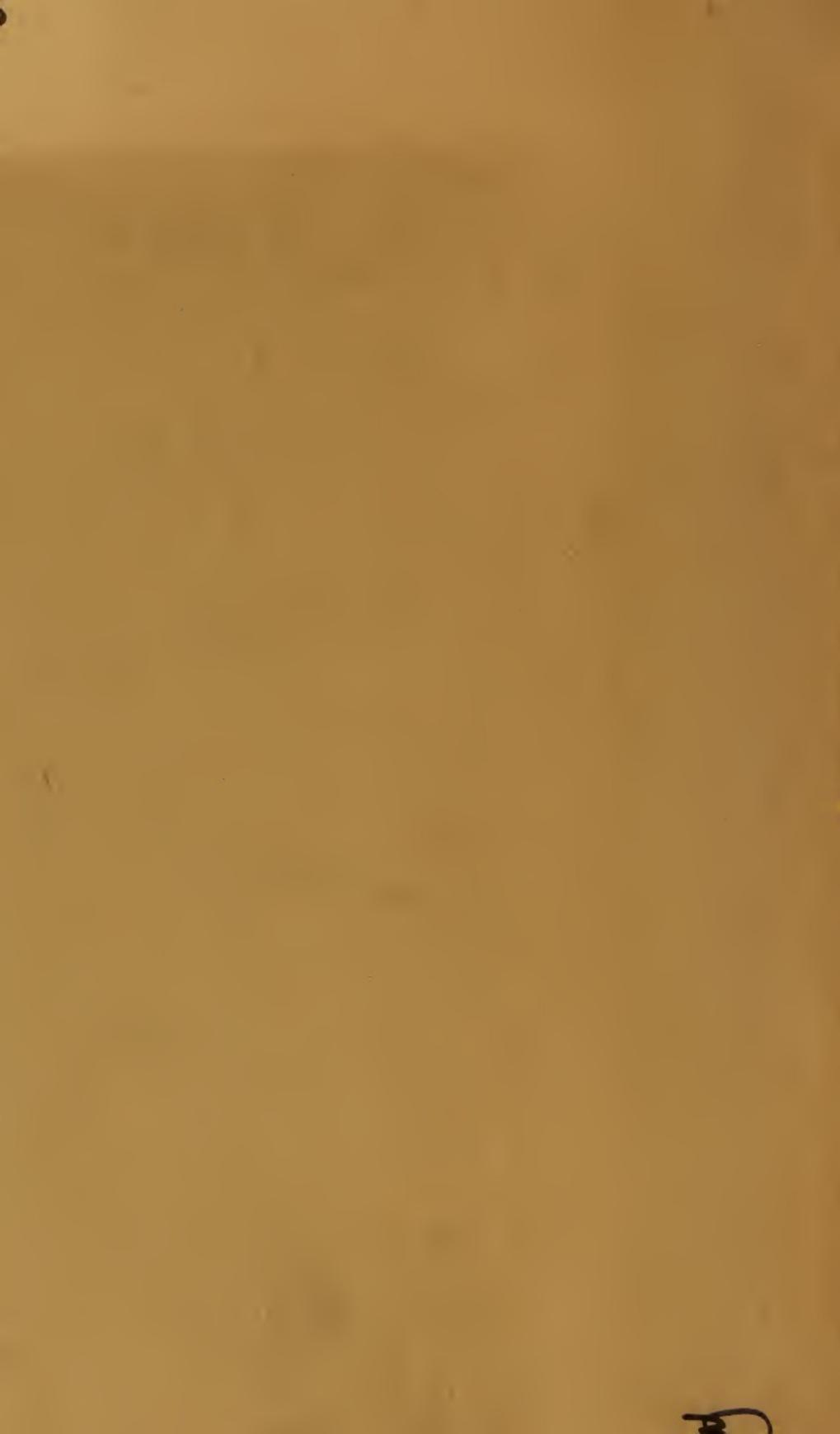


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# BRO-DE-HED-DA:

A SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

BY PHIL: GOGGLES.



*Originally written and published in the Sunday Transcript.*

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## BRO-DE-HED-DA:

A SONG OF SLAUGHTER.

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YE who love a stirring legend,  
Tale of war and blood and battle,  
Tale of prowess great and mighty,  
Story of stupendous wisdom,  
Tact and talent, wit and valor ;  
Come and listen to my ditty,  
'Tis the truth that I shall tell you.

Would you ask me where I got it—  
Where I found this truthful story—  
Story truthful, yet romantic ?  
I would answer, I would tell you,  
In a cellar damp and dusky,  
Where the sunshine rarely glimmers,  
But where gas lights brightly burning  
Give them all the light that's wanted ;  
In this gassy, dirty cellar,  
Groans and toils an oily monster—

Groans and toils by night and daylight ;  
And his throbings and his struggles  
Shake the houses all around him—  
Shake the well-built, strong brick houses—  
Wakes the people from their slumbers  
With his struggles strong and mighty,  
And the demons dance around him,  
Press him on to further labors ;  
If he slackens, they refresh him,  
Stir him up and keep him at it.  
And a little dirty demon  
Stands beside him every moment—  
Stands beside him night and morning—  
Watches him in every movement ;  
When his jaws the monster opens,  
Little demon crams in paper,  
Crams his iron jaws with paper ;  
But the monster is not sated,  
And wants more with ev'ry moment.  
Little demon thinks he eats it,  
Wonders why he's always hungry,  
(Such voracity appals him,)  
Wonders why some one don't stop him,  
Stop his tireless jaws for ever.  
But the monster don't devour it,  
In his jaws he only gripes it,  
Gripes it in his jaws of iron ;  
Then with quick and spiteful motion  
Flings it forth, and casts it from him.

Then a smaller little demon  
Carries it away in triumph,  
Laughing at the toiling monster ;  
Calls him names and spits upon him ;  
But the monster has his vengeance,  
For his mark is on the paper,  
And he knows where'er it goes to,  
Every one can tell he did it.

So day by day the monster struggles,  
Struggles in the darksome cellar,  
Mad because he's kept at labor—  
Mad to think of his old freedom—  
Mad to think he is not flying—  
Flying like his screaming brother  
Wildly over all the country—  
Mad to think his race is conquered,  
And that man has proved his master.

Would you see this toiling monster ?  
Would you hear his groans and struggles ?  
Know the demons that attend him,  
See the little devils 'round him ?  
Go to Third street, near to Chestnut,  
Poke your nose into the cellars,  
There you'll find him, toiling ever ;  
Ask the demons what his name is,  
All from out the din and rattle,  
STEAM PRESS, STEAM PRESS, they will  
shout you.

And from off this teeming monster,  
Issued forth a pea-green pamphlet,  
And the pamphlet told the story—  
Story I will now relate you.

A great chief was BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
BRO-DE-HED-DA, SON OF THUNDER,  
Chief of the Atlantic Ocean,  
Chief of the Absecum country,  
All of Jersey knew and feared him,  
For he was a mighty warrior.  
And from BRO-DE-HED-DA's country,  
All across the shining river,  
Stood a wigwam strong and handsome.  
Large and handsome was this wigwam,  
In its walls were many warriors,  
Gathered there from all the nations ;  
And they went forth but to conquer,  
And returning told their triumphs,  
Each unto the other told them,  
'Round the council fire they gathered,  
Smoke and ate, and drank together.  
And whene'er a stranger chieftain  
Happened in from other countries,  
They would take him to the wigwam,  
Show him games of skill and daring,  
Games with balls, and games with papers,  
Games that they did much excel in ;  
When the stranger went his journey

He would cry through all the nations,  
Great is Philadelphia's wigwam.

When the chieftain of Absecum  
Saw this gathering of the warriors,  
He called his council all around him,  
And sat and smoked his pipe in silence.

Then outspoke an aged warrior,  
Wherefore do you call this council ?  
Wherefore call the braves around you ?  
Speak, Oh, BRO-DE-HED-DA, tell us.

Then uprose this mighty chieftain,  
Straight and tall as Jersey pine tree,  
(Silent sat the braves around him)  
Spoke and told them of the warriors  
Gathered in the mighty wigwam  
All across the shining water ;  
And, he said, could I but join them,  
Join this band of fearless chieftains,  
We could brave the world together,  
Sweep the hostile tribes before us,  
Sweep them to the ocean's bosom,  
Hunt the red deer from the mountain,  
Charm the fishes from the river,  
And bring squaws to grace our wigwams  
From the maidens of all nations.

And the council sat and listened,  
And when BRO-DE-HED-DA finished,  
Good! said every one among them.

Then the great chief of Absecum  
Fixed himself with paint and feathers,  
Feathers of the turkey's plumage,  
And the brightest paint of Jersey,  
Boldly crossed the shining river,  
Boldly stalked to the big wigwam,  
Loudly knocked at door of wigwam,  
Saying, here am I, great BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
Chief of the Absecum country,  
Come to join you in your councils,  
Come to sit beside your firelight,  
Come to join your games so skillful,  
Come to be a brother to you;  
Open then your lodge door widely,  
For I come, chief of Absecum.

Then up spoke young COLYFISHER,  
COLYFISHER, PIPING SPARROW,  
Saying, wherefore comes Absecum  
To this lodge, where he's not wanted ?  
BRO-DE-HED-DA is a humbug,  
And not fit to sit among us,  
Listen, braves, and I will tell you  
How this BRO-DE-HED-DA served us  
Many moons ago in Jersey;

How he humbugged all the warriors  
With his worthless, bogus war-paint;  
Listen, I will tell the story.

Many moons have come and vanished  
Since the warriors sought for war-paint,  
Sought in vain in many places,  
Hunted long and couldn't find it,  
And they couldn't go to battle  
For the want of proper war-paint.  
Then this cunning BRO-DE-HED-DA  
Came among the other warriors,  
Came with forked tongue among us,  
Saying, come with me, I've found it,  
Found the olden, famous war-paint  
Which the great Manito uses ;  
This is paint will make us famous,  
Here is paint we long have sought for ;  
Then said cunning BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
Here it is, come, look and see it,  
And he turned his face toward us,  
Black and brown he had it painted,  
Black as midnight on the river,  
Brown as falling leaf in autumn ;  
'Twas the paint we long had dreamed of  
Terrible for foes to look at ;  
And the warriors were delighted,  
And brought forward all their wampum,  
All their deer-skins and their arrows,

Piled them up for BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
Saying, go, oh ! BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
Buy the war paint from the natives,  
Buy it quick, and bring it to us.  
And *my* arrows and *my* wampum  
Went among the other treasures ;  
And this cunning BRO-DE-HED-DA  
Gathered up the skins and wampum,  
Gathered all, and left for Jersey.

After many moons he sent us  
Something that he said was war-paint ;  
When we put it on our faces,  
It was very bad and nasty,  
Wouldn't dry, was very gritty,  
Wasn't like what he had shown us ;  
And we thought that BRO-DE-HED-DA  
Should have made a better bargain,  
As the skins with which he bought it  
Came to him from many warriors.  
And if he *did* pay the natives  
All the skins he made us give him,  
'Twas his bus'ness to look sharper,  
And not let the natives do him.  
Now, if we let BRO-DE-HED-DA  
Come in here, and sit among us,  
Who can tell but he'll persuade us  
To go after other war-paint,

And get all our skins and wampum  
Carried over into Jersey.

And the warriors smoked in silence  
'Till young COLYFISHER ended,  
Then went out to BRO-DE-HED-DA  
Said to him in tones of thunder,  
Go away, and take your war-paint,  
In this wigwam you're not wanted.

When the thunder bursts at noonday  
Over hill and smiling valley,  
Then the storm-cloud is not blacker  
Than was brow of BRO-DE-HED-DA  
When they said, you are not wanted.  
Then he strode through thickest forests  
Where wild bulls and bears were roaming,  
Strode he onwards, always seeking  
For a great and mighty warrior,  
Warrior tried of many battles—  
Warrior marked with many bruises,  
Warrior whose scalps hung round him,  
"Thick as leaves in Vallambrosia."  
And he sought until he found him,  
Found the famous WILLI-DEWIS,  
WILLI-DEWIS, THROUGH-BY-DAYLIGHT,  
Who was watching bears for pastime;  
Spoke and told him all his trouble,

How the warriors wouldn't let him  
 Come into the lodge among them,  
 Told him how young COLYFISHER  
 Spoke about the war-paint story.  
 WILLI-DEWIS sat and pondered  
 On the tale the chieftain told him,  
 Sat and pondered long and sadly,  
 For he was a famous thinker,  
 And knew more than all the warriors.  
 Then he spoke to BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
 Saying, BRO-DE-HED-DA listen :  
 If the braves in the big wigwam  
 Do not want you in among them,  
 We can't help it, for they built it,  
 And can say, one to another,  
 Who shall come, and who shall not come ;  
 But the craven COLYFISHER,  
 He who told the war-paint story,  
 I would make him sing his death-song,  
 At my belt I'd hang his scalp-lock,  
 With his body feed the fishes ;  
 Then shall any other warrior  
 Fear to say you sold him war-paint.

Then my BRO-DE-HED-DA started,  
 Clasped the hand of WILLI-DEWIS,  
 Crying, that's the way to say it ;  
 Put it to him, THROUGH-BY-DAYLIGHT ;  
 Go you to his lodge and seek him,

Tell him, I don't mean to stand it,  
Tell him, when I bought the war-paint,  
All the warriors saw and liked it,  
Tell him, great and mighty warriors  
Tried it on, and said they liked it,  
Tell him, that my skins and wampum  
Went along with all the others,  
And it was the natives *did* us ;  
Tell him, but he should have known it,  
We but bought the paint to try it,  
That the only thing it wanted  
Was to *dry* upon our faces,  
To have given skins and wampum,  
Ten, for ev'ry one it cost us ;  
Tell him this and tell him further,  
That for all the skins and wampum  
I have notches in my wigwam  
Cut to show what each one went for ;  
Ask him to go to the Council,  
And to say unto the warriors,  
That it was not I that did it ;  
Tell him, if he will not do so,  
He must then come forth to battle,  
Come with tomahawk and arrows—  
Come with war-club and with hatchet ;  
So unto the death I'll fight him  
Down beside the shining river ;  
Then will all the other warriors  
Know I didn't sell the war-paint.

Forth at once went WILLI-DEWIS,  
Forth into the darksome forest;  
On he sped o'er hill and valley,  
Climbed the mountains, swam the rivers,  
'Till he came unto the wigwam  
Of the youthful COLYFISHER;  
And he told him what he come for,  
Told him BRO-DE-HED-DA sent him,  
Told the messages he carried,  
Bid him come forth to the slaughter.  
Then he kindled up his watchfire  
Near to COLYFISHER's wigwam;  
Many days he sat and waited  
While the PIPING SPARROW pondered.  
After many days had wasted,  
Thus spoke COLYFISHER to him,  
Go you back to BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
Tell him this from COLYFISHER,  
That my arrows and my wampum  
Went away to buy the war-paint,  
And that neither paint nor arrows  
E'er came back to COLYFISHER;  
Tell him that I only gave them,  
When he sung the war-paint's praises;  
Tell him, I won't come to battle,  
Am content to lose the arrows,  
But I mean to talk about it,  
For I think that BRO-DE-HED-DA  
Should have brought us back the arrows

When he found the paint was nasty ;  
Tell him if he tries to harm me,  
I will go to the great med'cine,  
Who will pow-wow BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
And put such a spell upon him  
He can not go forth to battle.

Back then WILLI-DEWIS started.  
Back again to BRO-DE-HED-DA,  
Said what COLYFISHER told him  
That he would not come to battle ;  
That he'd pow-wow BRO-DE-HED-DA.  
Then was BRO-DE-HED-DA wrathful,  
Cursed and swore at COLYFISHER,  
But he didn't dare to harm him,  
For he feared the awful pow-wow.

Then he sought the oily monster,  
And sent forth the pea-green pamphlet,  
Telling to the world his story.  
And the COLYFISHER likewise,  
Sent abroad a little pamphlet,  
Telling to the world his story.  
And *this* makes the third small pamphlet,  
All about the self-same story.  
And all the stories put together  
Seem but hardly worth the telling.

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